THE PREFACE

THE artist is the creator of beautiful things.
To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.
The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a
new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest, as the lowest, form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt
without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful
things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only
Beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book.
Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.
The nineteenth-century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban
seeing his own face in a glass.

The nineteenth-century dislike of Romanticism
is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face
in a glass.

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of
the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect
use of an imperfect medium. No artist desires to prove
anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sym-
pathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of
style.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express
everything.

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of
an art.

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.
From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the
art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the
actor's craft is the type.

All art is at once surface and symbol.